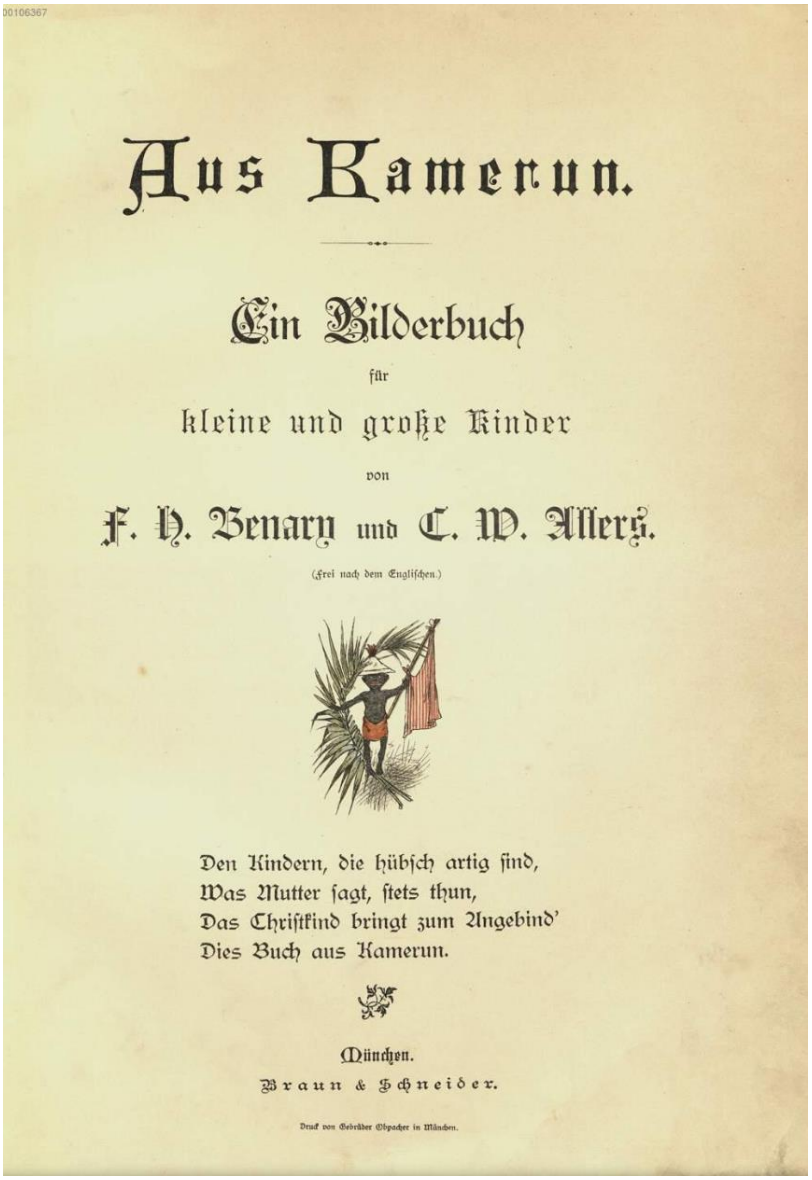
**Christian Wilhelm (C.W.) Allers** wurde 1857 als Sohn eines Kaufmanns in Hamburg geboren. 1877 ging er nach Karlsruhe, wo er zunächst als Lithograf arbeitete. In der Kunstakademie Karlsruhe nahm er Unterricht. In den Jahren 1880 und 1881 diente er bei der Marine in Kiel. Dort lernte er auch den plattdeutschen Dichter Klaus Groth kennen, den er oft traf und gelegentlich auch porträtierte.

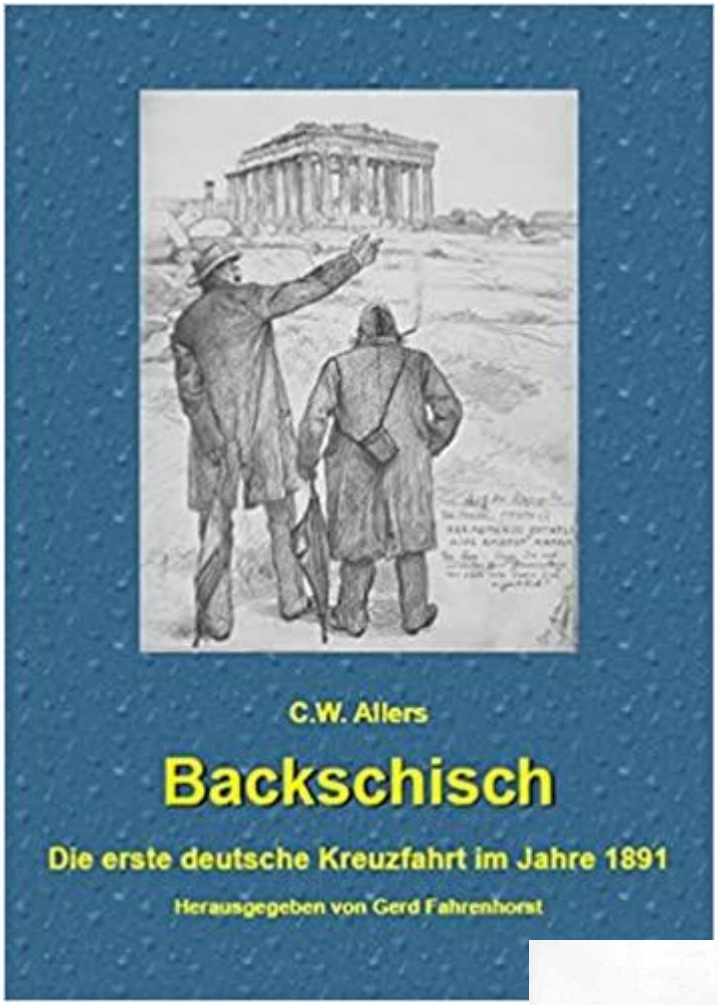
Selbst-Portrait

Bekannt wurde er 1888 durch seine Mappe „Club Eintracht“. Es folgten bald weitere erfolgreiche Mappen und illustrierte Bücher (u. a. über Bismarck), so dass er sich 1890 ein Haus in Karlsruhe und 1892 eine Villa auf Capri bauen konnte. Dort lebte er viele Jahre. Immer wieder kam er auch nach Hamburg und Karlsruhe und machte Reisen in viele Länder der Erde. Seine Villa wurde von vielen internationalen Prominenten besucht.

Im Herbst 1902 kam es aber zu einem Eklat: er wurde der Päderastie beschuldigt (Im Verlauf des Skandals um Friedrich Alfred Krupp, dem solche Verfehlungen in seinem Anwesen auf Capri vorgeworfen wurden) und 1903 von einem italienischen Gericht zu 4½ Jahren Gefängnis verurteilt. Allers floh und reiste mehrfach um die Welt. Er malte weiter (jetzt unter dem Künstlernamen „W. Andresen“). Dabei verdiente er seinen Lebensunterhalt vorwiegend durch Porträts. Er starb im Jahre 1915 kurz nach seiner Rückkehr nach Deutschland.



Auf seiner Wikipedia-Seite sind viele schöne Zeichnungen von C.W. Allers zu sehen. Weitere Werke des Künstlers hier: http://www.cwallers.de/




Die **erste deutsche Kreuzfahrt**, vom 22.01.1891 bis 22.03.1891, führte die Passagiere in den Orient: von Cuxhaven ging es via Southampton, Gibraltar, Genua nach Kairo, Jerusalem, Damaskus, Constantinopel (Istanbul), Athen und dann via Malta, Neapel und Lissabon zurück nach Hamburg.

Mit an Bord ist der deutsche Maler und Zeichner **Christian Wilhelm Allers** (1857-1915), der das Leben an Bord und an Land beobachtet, es humorvoll und detailliert schildert und mit vielen Zeichnungen festhält.

Dieses Buch ist von einem Nachfahren des Autors im Jahre 2008 neu herausgegeben worden, so dass sein Inhalt und seine Abbildungen nicht gemeinfrei sind.

Aber ich konnte die ersten Seiten einer englischen Ausgabe in Internet ausgraben. Ich lasse sie hier folgen und bedaure lebhaft, dass die Fortsetzung zur Zeit unzugänglich ist.

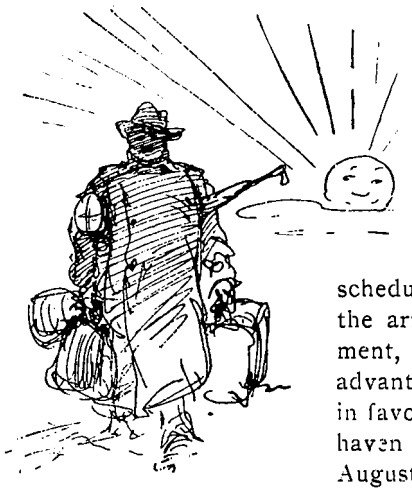
“

Portrait Maria Kolb, geb. 26.9.1907

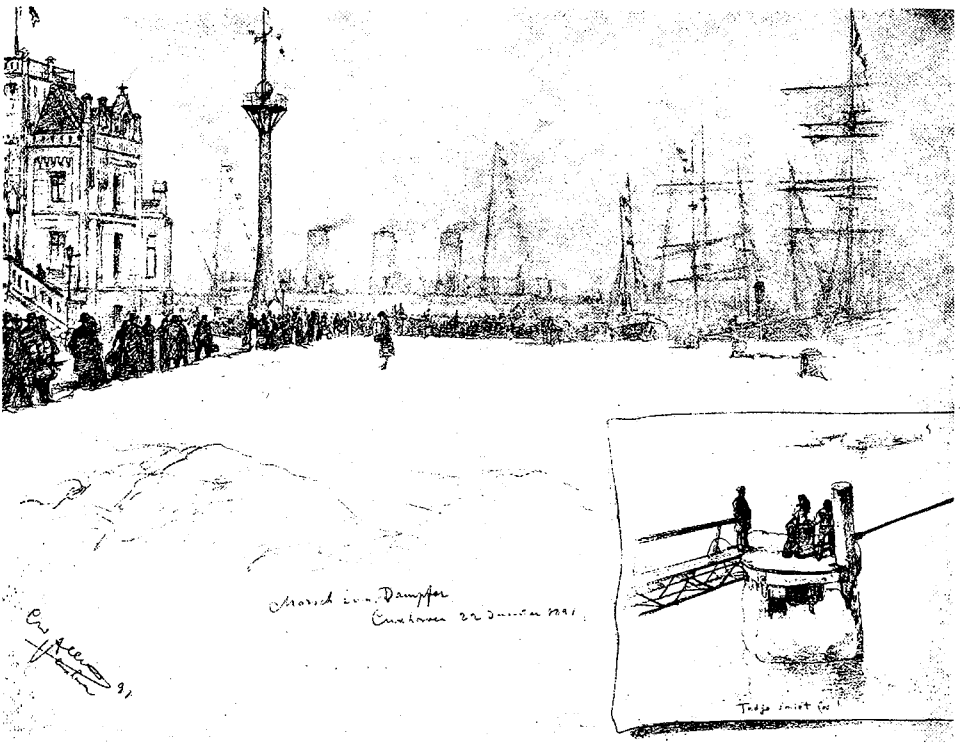
# FROM CUXHAVEN TO CONSTANTINOPLE

By C. W. Allers

*Illustrated from drawings by the author.*

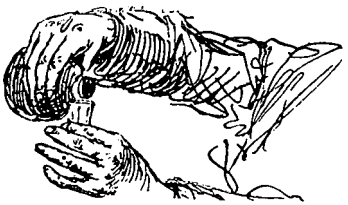


[Within the past few years certain European steamship companies have organized special excursions, open to the public, to various coasts and ports of interest, making a stoppage of stipulated length at places worth special note, and returning at a given time. A single charge covers all cost of travel, the passenger making the steamer his home, and participating, if he pleases, in such side-trips as the schedule calls for. As no freight is carried, and all the arrangements are for sight-seeing and entertainment, this form of voyage approaches closely to the advantages of a private yacht, and the plan is growing in favor. The first of these excursions was from Cuxhaven (Hamburg) in the Hamburg-American steamship Augusta Victoria in the early winter of 1891. The



THE MARCH TO THE STEAMER AT CUXHAVEN

voyage was to the Mediterranean, which was circumnavigated, and stoppages were made at Alexandria, at ports of Palestine and in the Ionian sea, Constantinople, Athens, Naples, and certain other places of classic and picturesque interest. The passengers were chiefly German, and included many parties of friends; but all soon became acquaintances. Among them were several artists and correspondents, one of whom, C. W. Allers, had and maintains a high reputation as a draughtsman and "special artist." Immediately upon his return Mr. Allers published a large album of sketches, accompanied by brief, chatty notes of the persons and adventures whom he met, which has now become a rare and costly book. Extensive selections from this portfolio are reproduced herewith (to be continued in ensuing numbers) with a translation of such of his notes as seem applicable.]



"ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MY BROTHER-IN LAW"

*January 22, 1891. English Channel.* — At last we are off, bound for the Orient! The Augusta Victoria has been many days ice-bound. To-day it is splendid weather, deep snow and sunshine. The Emperor inspected us very early in the morning, for we met him on our way to Cuxhaven down the Himmel-pforten. In Cuxhaven there was abounding life and a blue sky. The whole nest and its neighborhood were on foot to see the Emperor, and to witness our departure.

In a long procession we tramped through the snow with our portmanteaus to the terribly puffing Augusta V. The harbor and the shipping, the mighty towering ice-masses and the snow, all glistened picturesquely

in the sunshine. The good Cuxhaveners inspected our troop very closely, and on board we were received with music. Stewards appeared to be in abundance, and these companionable gentlemen very soon distributed us, men and baggage, in our alloted quarters. My sleeping-companion, Herr Tahnel, in the employ of the *Nord-Deutschen Algemeine Zeitung* (a daily newspaper of Hamburg), was already unpacking, and we soon came to an understanding about the division of our cabin. I proceeded at once to arrange my belongings in an orderly manner. The electric light was tried, the mattresses were lifted and punched, and, satisfied with the arrangements, we shortly found our way on deck, where my handkerchief was at once brought into requisition to wave adieus to the assembled thousands.

"HI, ALLERS! ARE YOU INSIDE?"

We had imperceptibly got under way amid ringing hurrahs. The band, led by Master Ascher, was playing vigorously; every hat and pocket-handkerchief was saying "good-bye;" and very soon the "old love" was lost to view. For an hour and a half our course lay through ice and snow, looking like thick cream, before we reached the ice-free sea.

"I HAVE A SMALL FLASK"

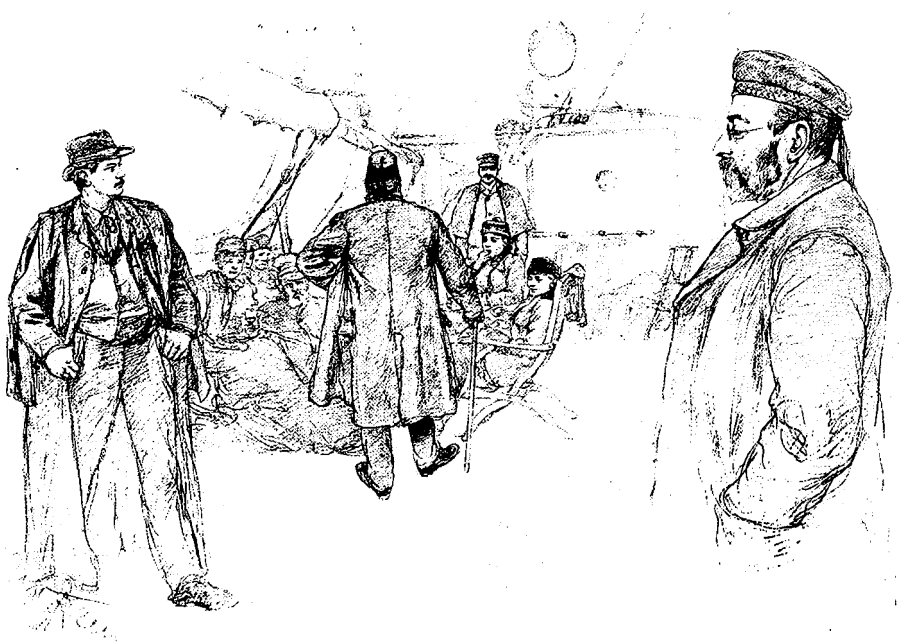
What confusion prevails on board such a steamer at the outset! But very soon everything is in traveling order. Every one has his own plate, knows his own steward, and the way to his own cabin. It takes some days, however, before the passenger finds out all the tricks and customs on shipboard, and is able to distinguish the bow from the stern without first taking counsel of the waves.

I soon find many more old acquaintances and good friends among the pas-

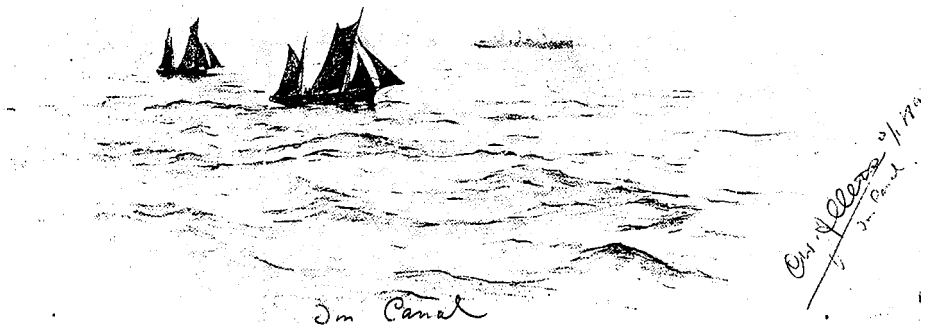
sengers than I had seen at first, and almost every man takes me away to his cabin to celebrate the happy meeting with cognac, for everybody, in spite of the rigid orders of the steamship company, has smuggled a small secret supply. In the matter of cognac no man trusts another — not even the steamships; and how pleasantly we have deceived ourselves, for there proves to be a supply of the very best sort on board. Here, for example, comes a smiling friend towing a laughing companion. "Allow me," he cries, "to introduce my brother-in-law, Biezosch!——Now isn't it delightful that we are to make the voyage together? The occasion is one to be moistened. I have brought a flask of rare cognac with me,—a splendid remedy for sea-sickness."

A CUP OF TEA

So it goes on all day, and the only incident worth mention otherwise was when Magnus called my attention to a character who appeared on deck in a fez and



THE ADVENT OF THE CHANNEL TURK



FISHING-BOATS IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

was at once dubbed the Channel Turk.

"Say, Allers," said Magnus, "there's a picture for you. The Pasha of

MESSRS. ROYNHAUSEN AND FUCHS

Dover A No. 1. Sharpen your pencil and make a sketch of the Mussulman."

*Southampton, Friday, January 23.*— Yesterday afternoon the sea was somewhat troubled, and many were absent from the table. Seasickness with music! In the neat beds, lighted by two little round windows, one lies very comfortably, listening to the murmur of the sea.

To-day there is a calm sea, but gray, cheerless weather. Early in the morning fogs came and went, giving now and then the shadow of invisible

A BROTHER CORRESPONDENT

strain or two of music; and by means of flag-signals the world and our friends at home were informed of our passage by the port. It cleared up later. In the afternoon the wind freshened and the sea rose, but, as if in our behalf, a storm, signalled from America cautioned us to seek shelter behind the Isle of Wight, where we are now lying in security.

We have music in abundance. In

THE ENGLISH PILOT

coasts past which we swiftly glided. Near Dover, England, the weather was a little clearer and we caught sight of a parade of troops and even heard a

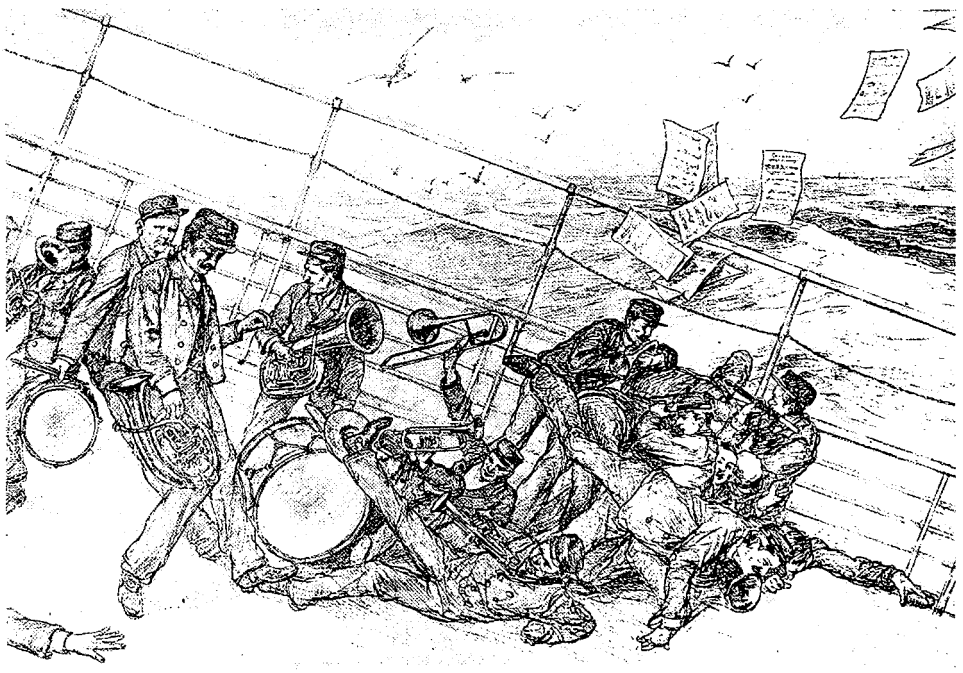
LETTER-WRITING IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL

the early morning came a flag-parade. Farther on in the forenoon a promenade-concert, and bread-and-butter sandwiches as a preparation for luncheon. Band-master Ascher is on board with innumerable music-pieces, among them a full assortment of national hymns, intended to secure the goodwill of any people we may discover. He wears so many orders that he fairly clatters whenever he moves.

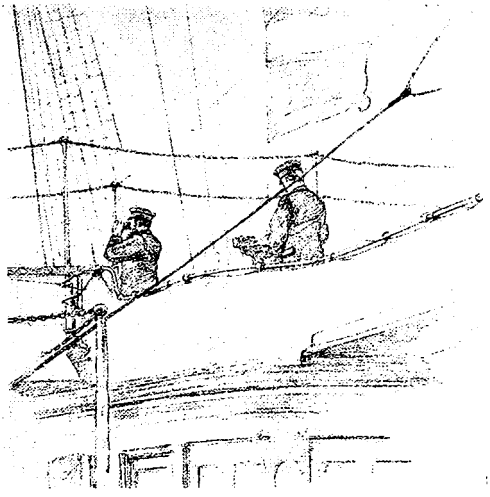
Long before luncheon a goodly number of men gather in the smoking-room, and get acquainted over cocktails, sherry-cobblers, grog or beer. Four colleagues of the brush make their appearance,—Bearath, Wallsee, Webb, and my room-mate Tahnel,—each representing some German periodical. We have on board a rapid printing-press, and Bearath has undertaken the direction and distribution every two or three days of the *Traveling Times* of the Augusta Victoria.

*Southampton, Saturday, January 24.*—It was quite dark yesterday when we arrived in the harbor of Southampton. We saw the Isle of Wight, gray and foggy, at twilight. Lofty chalk-cliffs and forest heights loomed through fog and rain. The pilot, a sturdy old fellow, came on board, mounting with familiar ease the long rope-ladder let down to him over the side of the swaying ship. To-day,—storm. The wind howls through the rigging and in every corner of the old town of Southampton, through which we have wandered in spite of rain and mud. It must be very delightful out at sea!

The English newsboys were on board early in the morning crying their papers. To-day an inspector of police also came on board and peeped shyly and admiringly into our rococco saloon. The Trave, of the North-German Lloyds, lies near us. As I hear that Paul Lindau, with his children and cats, and his nimble old house-keeper Christel, are on board, intending to voyage to Florida, I go over to greet



A DISCORD IN THE BAY OF BISCAY



ON THE BRIDGE

a mass of shivering, cowering creatures. Our band, always oiled and ever ready to strike up, greeted, refreshed, and gladdened their hearts with some lively strains, which the poor thankful devils answered with clapping and hurrahs. I sought a dry place on board and began to sketch. Our coal-heavers stopped work to-day at noon, as they count on

TOAST TO THE KAISER

my old friend. One soon habituates himself to his surroundings. After familiarity with the Victoria, the old Trave appears contracted and gloomy.

After dinner the Trave departed, and soon disappeared in fog and mist. The Moravia came in immediately afterward, with a great hole in her bows caused by striking the ice in the Elbe. Traveling more slowly than we, she was caught in the signalled snow-storm which we escaped. The decks swarm with sea-sick emigrants,

THE CAPTAIN

Saturday afternoon for a half-holiday, and no inducements could prevail upon them to continue it.

*At Sea, Sunday, January 25.*— "What? Seasick? Donnerwetter! All imagination. Get up, operate the press vigorously and the nausea will soon cease. The paper must appear for the Kaiser's birthday; and if you don't get up at once, we will set you on shore at Gibraltar and leave you to get home the best way you can."